

PEOPLE & THINGS By ATTICUS

THE QUEEN has not taken with her the State Crown—which she wears at the opening of Parliament here—for the opening of the Canadian Parliament in Ottawa tomorrow.

Despite many statements to the contrary, there is, as I pointed out some weeks ago, no statutory bar against her doing so; but the reasons against taking it are purely practical and obvious ones, to do with its security and the extreme care which would have to be taken to safeguard it against damage.

Her Majesty's father did not wear a crown when he opened the South African Parliament. The Queen, as I suggested at the time the point arose, created her own precedent for such occasions in her "other Realms" when she performed similar acts of State in Australia and New Zealand.

There she wore her Coronation dress and a tiara. That is what she will do in Ottawa.

'Monty' Is Annoyed

I HEAR that Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery was caused great embarrassment and irritation by reports in a British newspaper last week that he was alarmed at the poor showing of the new German Army in its first manoeuvres. He was not even present at the manoeuvres, and it is quite untrue that he has threatened to resign as Deputy Supreme Commander of N.A.T.O. forces in Europe.

He has been personally interested in a German Army since January, 1949, when he startled Ernest Bevin by saying that the forward strategy of Western defence could not be effective without the participation of Western Germany.

Far from saying that we should delay withdrawing part of the British contribution, the



"Monty" and his budgerigars.

Field-Marshal has always taken the line that we must review the size of our forces in Western Europe from time to time, to see if we can have an effective defence at less cost.

By way of relaxation from weightier matters, "Monty" has recently taken to keeping budgerigars. A friend who took the picture I show here says the cage was built, in a minor military operation, to "Monty's" own design, and hangs outside his bedroom window.

But he will not be inspecting his pets as usual this morning. He has flown to Nice to spend the week-end with his old friend, Sir Winston Churchill.

Plotter-in-chief

WITHOUT question, the British hero of Satellite Week has been the head of the radio observatory at the Cavendish, Mr. Martin Ryle.

He it was who, with his small team, rigged up an improvised aerial on the observatory's site behind the Cambridge University Rugby pitch on the morning after the satellite was launched, and who first plotted its orbit from this country.

Because of the earth's rota-

tion the satellite passes near Cambridge only during the night, and Ryle has not had a night's sleep since. Hollow-eyed, heavily sweated and keeping going on cocoa, he and his six associates have spent every night nursing their instruments to record the path of *Sputnik* as it hurtles its way over Cambridge. They use the hour and a quarter between each rotation to make the complex mathematical calculations necessary to discover its height and exact path.

A nephew of Gilbert Ryle the philosopher, Ryle spent the war years devising methods of outwitting the German radar defences. Since then he has become one of the founders of the completely new science of radio-astronomy. He recently published a list of over 2,000 newly discovered "radio stars," and says that, compared with picking up a star the other side of the Milky Way, *Sputnik* was child's play.

Ten o'clock Testing

FROM ten o'clock every night the observatory has been a cross between a jamboree of amateur radio enthusiasts and one of the more far-fetched episodes of science fiction.

The long antennae of the radio telescope stretch out across a Paul Nash landscape towards Coton; the improvised aerial specially put up for the satellite leans unsteadily in the night air; and inside the Nissen hut where the recording equipment is kept, the watchers gather for their night's vigil.

Sputnik's first appearance every night is the most exciting. As the minutes tick on towards the moment when it is due, no one can be quite sure whether it will keep to its schedule or will already have disintegrated in the upper atmosphere.

Then, dead on time, the stylus on the recording machine begins to flicker, and as the satellite comes streaking its way in from the Atlantic, swings wildly across the recording paper.

"It's dead overhead now," announces Ryle, and several of the newcomers in the room rush outside hoping for a glimpse. "The thing's got to blow up somewhere," one of them explains hopefully.

Fair of Fairs

PLAYING host to twenty-four for lunch and dinner every day, and to 700 at a cocktail party three times a week for six months, is one of the tasks cheerfully anticipated by Baron Moens de Fernig, Belgian Commissioner-General for the Brussels International Exhibition, when his exhibition opens next April.

This energetic Belgian industrialist who was once Minister of Supply in M. Spaak's Government looks forward to these six months as a period of relative peace compared with the previous seven years he will have spent planning the exhibition.

He has travelled the world discussing the fair with many of the 4,199 individual exhibitors taking part. In New York

he studied the American World Fair of 1939 and was advised not to make his own quite so big. In Moscow he met Molotov, then in charge of the Russian entries, and left weighed down with vodka and caviare.

Baron de Fernig has also been completely reorganising Brussels itself. Remembering the Impression Berlin made on its visitors during the Olympic Games of 1936, he has already arranged for every hotel room in the city to be inspected, priced and registered, and has persuaded the Belgian Government to take its street congestion seriously.

The Quiet American

HIGH above the Thames in his Savoy suite sits a quiet young American with an unusual mission. Michael Bourke has been sent to London by Columbia Broadcasting System to find British talent for American television.

His brief is to buy stories, hire directors and actors, and make TV films in our studios. Though an incidental advantage is that Columbia save some money this way (an average half-hour TV film costs about 35,000 dollars over there, 30,000 dollars here) the main point is the crying need for new names and new brains. The little box eats up ideas at a voracious rate.

During the war Bourke worked as an American agent behind the Italian and French lines. When Hollywood was making a film about American espionage they found his name kept coming up in the records. They called him at the newspaper where he was then working and said "You'd better come and write it yourself." He did—and has never looked back.

Reply Called Straight

I AM glad to know that Sir James Turner has fully recovered from his recent motoring mishap. He has just helped to launch Reading University Agricultural Club on their new session with a review of the state of agriculture which blended perspicacity and good humour in a way that this flourishing club found greatly to its liking.

Sir James, now in his thirtieth year as President of the National Farmers' Union of England and Wales, has held that office, longer than any predecessor, each year by a unanimous vote. He has seen agriculture through its evolution from a near-moribund state in the inter-war years to its present position as a most important dollar-saving industry.

He professes high admiration for our Civil Service, and tells a good story of the senior Civil Servant who had exhausted the patience of a farmers' delegation by his apparent side-stepping. At length Sir James demanded a straight answer to a straight question. The reply came: "The answer, Sir James, is both yes and no—and I say that with the utmost possible reservation."

People and Words

I have spent my life reconciling disputing parties and I do not mind telling you that disputing theological parties are far worse than those in any industrial dispute.

—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

If a woman marries a keen fisherman or a golf addict, that is one of the things which compels within the phrase "For better or worse."

—MR. JUSTICE WILLMER.

Kind words mean just as much to a Minister as they do to a good dog.

—MR. HEATHCOT-AMORY, Minister of Agriculture.

There are still some people in the Conservative Party who believe that it is all wrong for a gentleman to get his name in the newspapers.

MR. TED LEATHER, M.P.